

One Love, Two Mouths by firelady101

Series: [One shots for Jancy \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Fluff, Pantie kink? Kind of? It's a joke, Sad nancy, so much, sweater fic

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-11

Updated: 2018-01-11

Packaged: 2022-04-03 15:20:29

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,496

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Nancy takes Jonathan's sweater and uses it as a comfort blanket for when she needs him the most. Jonathan just wants Nancy to be happy, even if that means he loses his favorite sweater.

One Love, Two Mouths

Author's Note:

I have 1 thing to say, 2 things to ask.

I am sorry if this is shitty

And I think it's rated T? Can someone let me know if this should be rated M?

And would anyone be interested in Betaing for me?

Nancy surprised Jonathan when he saw her in the morning in his white sweater, the one she had stolen from him a week ago. He knew she had, but she convinced him otherwise making him feel crazy.

He watched her as he approached her, the sweater went to her knees almost, and was large around her arms and neck. She smirked at him when she caught his eye. Why did she look so sexy in that sweater? His over the top fluffy sweater, his favorite sweater.

"Oh, I see you did take it," Jonathan said, coming to a stop in front of her. Their shoes touching. They were in the middle of the hallway at school, the first time they see each other is after the 2nd period if Jonathan doesn't take her to school. This morning she said she had an appointment, so her mom was taking her. "Did you just get here?"

Nancy bounced up to her toes to meet his lips with hers, kissing him only for a second. She nodded and looked down. He watched her pull the sleeves of his sweater down over her fists. "You're stretching it out," Jonathan tapped her on her forehead lightly.

Nancy smiled, "I like this sweater a lot, it's mine now. I can stretch it

out if I want to.”

Jonathan rolled his eyes, “that’s not how that works. I like some of your clothes, but I wouldn’t steal them and wear them.”

Nancy laughed, and leaned back against her locker, “yeah I’m sure my pink lacy panties you like a lot would look adorable on you though.”

Jonathan smirked, “wouldn’t you like to see that?”

Nancy looked up at him, “actually I would. I think it would be so hot.”

Jonathan blushed slightly, “I didn’t know you had a fantasy about me wearing your underwear.”

He reaches down to grab her hand, “hey how was your appointment? What was it for?”

Nancy shrugged, “oh nothing. It was just a check up on my medication since I started taking them.” She started taking Valium for her anxiety attacks. She can finally fall asleep at night, especially when Jonathan isn’t there. “Can we skip please?”

“We skipped twice last week. Someone might catch on.” Jonathan shrugged, “I have a project to turn in next class. But after that we can leave, where do you want to go?”

Nancy poured a little, “I just don’t want to be here. My appointment was off a little. I don’t like my doctor, he kind of gives me the creeps.” She shivered slightly, “I feel weird being on meds. I feel crazy.”

"Nancy, there isn't anything crazy about taking an anxiety medication. I promise." He gave her a weak smile. "I'll tell you what, you can go to my car and I'll go turn in my homework. Then I'll come and we can go to my house" Jonathan handed her his keys. "And I will take my sweater back there."

Nancy kissed his hand, "hmm maybe. If you put on my underwear." She teased, taking the keys. "I'll see you soon."

They were back at his house now, Jonathan was making Mac and cheese in the kitchen while Nancy watched tv on the couch. It was raining outside pretty hard, the sweater got soaked but she refused to take it off.

Jonathan did like it on her, it was pretty hot for him to see her in his clothes. He liked seeing her in his clothes, it made his stomach flutter when he saw her.

Nancy's legs were crossed, her eyes glued to the TV, not even caring or knowing what was on. She needed a distraction, her appointment this morning was harsh. She didn't want Jonathan to know. She wanted to be strong for him, no more random breakdowns. She could see that it hurt him to see her like that.

She stole his sweater a while ago and wears it at night when he's not able to sneak into her house. It's like a comfort blanket. And she wanted to wear it this morning, so she could have a little support as her doctor told her all the things that were wrong with her, all the issues she has, and what she has to work on. Nancy loved this sweater, it reminded her of Jonathan when she needed him the most.

Her shoes were kicked off somewhere in his room, with their backpacks. Was just wearing her jeans and his sweater. It went way past her hands, so they were bundled into her fists. Jonathan walked in both hands holding bowls of macaroni, he paused to look at her.

“Nance, you’re so cute.” He grinned, “I take back what I said. You can keep that sweater.”

She looked up at him with a pout, “oh so no panties? I honestly was hoping it would happen. I’m wearing them right now.” Nancy teased Jonathan, she loved to watch his face turn pink.

He just shook his head and walked closer, handing her the bowl as he sat. She smiled, “ohh my favorite!” Nancy loved Mac n Cheese, especially when she’s sad. Could he tell she was sad? She hoped not. “Thank you, Jonathan.”

They ate in silence, just watching the crummy cartoons in front of them. Nancy got up to get seconds, finishing off the rest of the pot. Covering the delicious meal in pepper, loving every bite of it. There wasn’t really anything better than a big bowl of her favorite food, and being with her boyfriend. After having a not so amazing morning, this was making her calm.

“Hey,” She whispered walking back to him, “I love this sweater.”

Jonathan rugged on a belt loop of her jeans, “I love you in it.” He helped her sit on his lap, her thighs trapping his closed. “I love you, Nance.”

“I love you.” She smiled, looking down at him. She will never get tired of looking at his face. “Thank you for making my day good.”

“What happened this morning?” Jonathan whispered, suspecting that something was wrong the moment she said she wanted macaroni and cheese. Knowing that is her favorite sad food, along with her silence on the way to his house. “Was your appointment rough?”

Nancy shrugged, “yeah. I thought I could keep it from you though. I was going to let it pass. I know I’ll get over it eventually.”

“Don’t hide anything from me, please Nancy.”

“Yeah, I don’t. I just want you to think I’m strong.”

Jonathan blinked, “nance. You are strong, don’t you know that I would know that? I’ve seen you kill monsters, you are strong.”

She smiled, “well. That’s not the point. I want to be emotionally strong. For us.”

Jonathan rolled his eyes, “we both have nightmares. We both break down a lot, have a lot of guilt. We are strong because we have each other.” Jonathan touched her cheek with the back of his hand, “I love you so much, Nancy Wheeler.”

Nancy didn’t speak, just leaned down to kiss his nose. Then his left cheek, up to his temple. She pulled back to his the other side of his face, just soft pecks. She could feel his smile as she kissed the corner of his mouth, her hands slowly reaching up to his hair, tangling in the mess of brown locks.

Jonathan’s hand was pressed into her back, almost pushing her closer to him. His fingers dipped into the top of her jeans, playing with the

elastic of her underwear. His other hand was on her shoulder almost steadying her as their kisses got more intense.

Nancy's tongue was tangled with his her hips bucking a little on top of his, feeling him under. Just trying to imagine what the pressure feels like for him, if his need for her is almost as strong as hers for him. She would never under how Jonathan's words could always make her melt in an instant.

They were kissing for a few minutes before Nancy pulled back, gaining a groan of protest from Jonathan as she did so. His cheeks were flushed, his hair a mess, and his lips swollen. She loved doing this to him, she lived for it.

"Let's go to your room. Please? Not sure if I can handle having sex I'm here without knowing when your mother and brother are getting hope. It's too risky?"

"Isn't that the point? To be thrilling?" He said almost out of breath. She knew this was supposed to be a joke, but also knew he was ready to be inside of her at this moment. "come on. I'll take off this sweater. And give it back to you, just so it will smell like you again." Nancy smiled.

Jonathan hummed but quickly got up to her. Following behind as they reached his room, "I'll do that for you. But I'm not getting into your panties."

"Yeah. We'll see." Nancy laughed

Author's Note:

Heyooooo. So I've been trying to write this for a bit now. It's not the way I intended, but I think it works. Could you tell how stoned I was writing about mac and cheese? I've been thinking about it all fucking day.

Next part will just be them fucking btw. I hope you enjoyed!